THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE DAYS AND THE YEARS.

"Why do we heap the huge mounds of years
  Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass,
  Like angels on the wind?

"Each turning round a small, sweet face,
  As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a face
  We will not see it clear.

"And so it turns from us and goes
  Away in sad disdain;
  Though we would give our lives for it,
  It never comes again."

THE PACIFIC

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WOMEN AND THE BALLOT AND THE SALOON.

There is considerable speculation as to how women will use the ballot with reference to the saloon.

In a recent issue of the American Brewers' Review there was an editorial entitled "Emancipation of Woman—Emancipation of the Brewer." This Chicago publication endeavored to lessen the fears in the minds of not a few of the liquor element that the enfranchisement of women in Illinois would work havoc to their interests. Reference was made to the fact that the temperance cause had not gained ground apparently in Colorado and California since women became voters, and it was argued from this that nothing need be feared in Illinois. Rejoicing seemingly in the new order in Illinois the editor of the brewers' journal made a plea for the support of women for the public drinking place, saying very adroitly:

"If the plan of the United Societies in Chicago are carried out wherever woman's suffrage is in force, the brewing trade will not have much to fear from the woman vote, with this proviso, however, that it will become more urgently necessary than ever to take steps whereby public drinking places may be stripped of everything that is offensive to propriety and temperance, while preserving their useful and beneficial features.

"Why, indeed, should the good ladies withhold their help from the public drinking-place?

"Why should they leave it to men? Why should not free American women assert their equality with men in this particular?

"Why should they not lend their personal support to the public drinking place?

Could there be a stronger appeal to the women than this to accompany husbands, fathers, brothers, to the cafes' concert gardens, etc? We know that where such institutions exist, not only in Europe, but in this country as well, this practice already prevails quite generally. Why should it not become universal?"

In a comment on this, the editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate says that if the editor of the brewers' journal really extracts any consolation from the attitude of the women of the western states he will be sadly disappointed when it comes to Illinois.

"It is well enough to inform him that the citizenship of Illinois is somewhat different from that of many of the Western States. There are within the bounds of this state in the neighborhood of 300,000 Methodists. It is no extravagance to say that there are 75,000 women of age in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Illinois. Other evangelical Protestant churches number proportionately. Beyond doubt, there are 300,000 women of evangelical Protestant denominations of voting age living in the state of Illinois. We wish to inform the editor of the 'Review' that when it comes to expressing an opinion upon any moral issue, these women can be depended upon to vote, almost to a woman, in favor of morals and decency. In some of the Western States Protestantism is not strong. But this not so in Illinois. And when it comes to voting, we apprehend that, though many of these Protestant women have modestly refrained from agitating the question and have even expressed their disapproval of the ballot, all will assume these new duties bravely in the face of the great responsibility that has been placed upon them. The editor of the 'Review' can find but little consolation in the action of the last Legislature in giving women the ballot. We apprehend that when the next test vote comes they will find just where the women stand on this important question. They had better retreat to their storm-cellars."

This is encouragingly optimistic. We hope that the editor of the Advocate is correct in his prognosis. However, we find many good women in all parts of the country, uncertain yet as to the course to pursue with reference to the liquor traffic.

But more generally than men, women are against the traffic, and we expect to see in every state in which they are enfranchised the power of the saloon and its deadly evils greatly weakened in the near future, and ere long its extinction.

It is too soon to expect very much yet in our Pacific Coast states. Whether we think it right or not it must be admitted that California's vineyards will make the progress of the temperance cause here somewhat slow.

But we shall be greatly disappointed in our women if there is not even in California a decided advance very soon in temperance sentiment and the entrance unitedly on such a course of procedure as will foreshadow the downfall here in a few years of the saloon—today, mankind's deadliest enemy.

Perhaps Washington and Oregon will ere long—now that the women are voters—give California an example in saloon throttling that will, because of its successful working and beneficial results, inspire the people of the Golden State to go and do likewise.

But, it should be remembered that California is in some respects more advanced in temperance than are Washington and Oregon. There is more "dry" territory in California; there are more large towns and cities without the saloon in California than in the two other states. Accordingly, were it not for our vineyard problem it would be reasonable to expect California to lead.

It is to be hoped that no move for state-wide prohibition will be made, however, in California, until in the judgment of the leaders in the various temperance organizations the time is ripe for it. Many party prohibitionists are urging a vote on a constitutional amendment in 1914. Anti-Saloon League workers question the wisdom of it at that early date.

Among the significant things as to women as voters is the statement in the last number of "Clean Politics" by the chairman of the Orange County prohibition organization that the party had 1000 votes in 1912, whereas in

1910 it had only 250. He says: "There were not as many men voting for prohibition in 1912 as there were in 1910; the bulk of our vote was from the women."

It is stated, however, that a majority of the women did not in 1912 vote for prohibition—for the prohibition party. But in this party vote there is indication of what might reasonably be expected from the women of California if the various temperance organizations were to unite at an opportune time to vote out the saloon.

Since the foregoing was in type we have seen encouraging reports from Illinois. In the town of Denton a saloon ordinance was defeated by a majority of 526. Fourteen women voted for the saloons and 408 voted against them.

Another news item states that at Carpentersville the anti-saloon forces won much more decisively than they had at three previous local option tests.

Yes, the women are going to strengthen greatly the forces against the saloon; and, when thoroughly informed as to the specious arguments and reasoning as to the hurting of business, are going to throttle the iniquitous traffic.

A SIGNIFICANT PLEDGE.

In the International Convention at Los Angeles five thousand Christian Endeavorers pledged themselves for the destruction of the liquor traffic. As they did this the Stars and Stripes floated over them and they sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

One report tells of a meeting in which three thousand, all men, swore unceasing hostility to the traffic and pledged themselves to support no candidate or party not favoring the prohibition of the saloon.

Truly, the temperance cause is marching on! With the Christian Endeavorers working enthusiastically for "national prohibition in 1920 as the 18th amendment to the constitution;" with recruits already in because of the women voters in several states, and those to be counted in other states that will soon enfranchise the women; with fair promise of a union movement on the part of the temperance organizations, the air is vibrant with encouragement.

"Let us keep sweet, but keep moving," said Mr. Poling, the national secretary and orator who is leading the Christian Endeavor hosts in the battle against the liquor traffic.

This was said to a mixed assemblage of temperance workers—party prohibitionists, Anti-Saloon League workers, members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Good Templars and others.

If all will do that, in which is implied a united movement, it is not visionary to look forward to the overthrow of the liquor traffic by 1920.

CALIFORNIA USED AND ABUSED IN NEW YORK.

There is a battle for woman suffrage in New York. Miss Alice Hill Chittenden, the president of the New York Anti-Suffrage Association, made recently a three months' investigation of the working of woman suffrage in California. She has come out with what one of the newspapers terms "a bitter indictment of the manner in which California has been governed since women were given the right to vote." She says in part:

"Creating the millenium with the ballot and regardless of the staggering cost, has been California's beautiful dream since woman suffrage carried the State. Children are not to be separated from their parents because of poverty. The State is to subsidize the home. School teachers are to be pensioned. Old people are to receive an annual income. prisoners are to be paid for their work in the jails. A regime of ease and comfort is to dawn in the Golden State. And then everybody in the community will be happy except the taxpayers, who must become paupers or criminals before they can draw dividends on their investments in California's utopian scheme."

The Woman's Journal comes forward with an excellent defense of California's legislation, expressing the opinion that it will be found to be worth far more than it will cost. Miss Chittenden, in her arraignment, dwelt on some of the so-called silly or freak bills which were introduced at Sacramento. How many of them she assigns to the initiative of the women, direct or indirect, we do not know. But some of those bills were not as freakish as some of our newspapers tried to make out. For instance there was the Sunday Rest bill. It was classed as a freak measure. It wasn't that at all. It was an excellent and sane measure. It was in the interests of every working man and woman in the state; and it had the hearty endorsement of many labor unions. It was not at all of the "blue law" type. It left the amusement question untouched—left it to be settled by the municipalities, locally. It was a measure which we believe every Christian who understood it would approve. The only objection that could be made to it reasonably by any Christian man or woman is that it did not go far enough, was too conservative, made too many concessions to things which ought not to be. But it was all that public sentiment would allow; and The Pacific regrets its defeat.

Another of the so-called freak bills was the one for regulating the size of sheets on beds in hotels and lodging houses. Well, the Travelers' Protective Association, an organization not to be sneezed at, fathered it. It was hygienic—in the interests of public health; for such an enactment many good men and women in different states of the union have been working earnestly for several years.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Inasmuch as the collapse of the rebellion in China is threatened admirers of Sun Yat Sen are hoping that he will not lose his head. He is regarded as too valuable a man for China's future to be thus sacrificed.

President Wilson's reluctance to aid in establishing the Huerta regime in Mexico because of the questionable manner in which he came into power, through the assassination of Madero, is commendable. Huerta by retirement can do more to bring about peace in Mexico than he can by continuing in any capacity at the head of the government. No matter what his integrity, he can never unite the factions.

The Editor of The Pacific has had several messages of commendation of his articles last week on the loss of influence by the daily papers. It is a further evidence that the people are becoming very greatly disgusted with the policy of the papers. The readers desire every man and every subject to have a square deal in the daily papers, and they see plainly that many are not getting this.

Summer congregations in the churches of New York City seem to be growing smaller year by year. Among those expressing surprise at the small number of persons to hear them when they preached there this summer are John McNeill, J. Wilbur Chapman and Professor Erdman of Prince-

ton. McNeill, the Scotchman, is said to have 2000 hearers the year through in Toronto.

The Minnesota state prison at Stillwater, according to statistics up to June 30, 1912, had 824 inmates. Of this number 334 were of Roman Catholic affiliations; and 150 were of Lutheran. This would appear to indicate that in Minnesota the foreigners are in the main committing the crimes, and that the Roman Catholic Church is not shaping the lives of its adherents as well as need be.

President Wilson is being commended widely for his selection of Professor Reinsch of the University of Wisconsin as Minister to China. Professor Reinsch has made a most careful study of the Eastern situation and of our relations to it and he has written much on the subject and his writings carry conviction and have found much favor among men who have studied carefully the political conditions of the Far East.

The present writer is not a Christian Scientist, but he is able to know some good things when he sees them. There for instance, is The Christian Science Monitor, a daily newspaper published in Boston! It is not the ideal daily paper of course. In our opinion more space should be given to the news of the day. Perhaps this is done for the New England edition. Editorially The Monitor is on a high plane. What a difference it would make in the formation of character if daily papers patterned somewhat as The Christian Science Monitor is were read in our homes; or such as the Boston Transcript and the Springfield Republican and the New York Evening Post, instead of such sheets as we do have. Of course many good things can be said of our Pacific Coast daily papers. We shall note some of these things later. But we know from what we hear many people say that there is a distinct call for their elevation in some particulars.

"The Congregationalist" comments as follows on the offer of Temple Emanuel to the First Congregational Church of San Francisco while it is building its new house of worship: "It would be praiseworthy if a Presbyterian or a Baptist church should throw open its doors to the homeless congregation, but that a Hebrew congregation should so cordially invite Christians to worship in its temple, saying that 'a new consecration will be added to the shrine' which is so dear to Jewish hearts, is evidence of a superb magnanimity. It is creditable to the Jewish race, as it shows their ability to rise above prejudice. It is evidence also of the broad and brotherly spirit of Dr. Aked and his people of First Church that their Jewish neighbors feel so friendly toward them. But it is significant also in a broader sense, as it marks another step forward in recognition of that brotherhood of man, toward which the church of Christ has been pointing through the centuries. The incident is prophetic of a time when bitterness or petty interdenominational contentions shall be only matters of tradition, of a time when race prejudice shall be swept away by profound respect for the worthy individual."

The Christian Science Monitor commented last week on what it calls "Stanford's Intensive Program." After mentioning the plan to limit the number of men students, as well as the number of women, as heretofore, The Monitor says: "The intensive process does not stop here. Such departments of a real university as now exist are to be developed adequately. If others follow it must be in their own right, and not as it were at the expense of departments already flourishing. To do some things well seems better than to do many things superficially. With satisfaction we also note that increased attention is to be given to English, economics and history. If each branch is taught as it should be the Pacific coast will profit in a literary, ethical and political way. This institution, with its rival—the state university at Berkeley—has a great field of influence in which to make culture count. It dare not fall to the level of a school to train men to earn livings. Its scope of power is in the contact with men, a contact in which something other than accumulation of wealth counts. This demands somewhat less emphasis on the natural sciences and a greater reverence for art, poetry and the activities of man in which imagination and reverence have domination. The very decision not to worship at the shrine of bigness is in itself a victory for idealism."

We agree with The Religious Telescope in the statement that the tipping evil has become unbearable. It hails accordingly the recent and renewed action of commercial travelers against it. "For a long time the traveling public has been weary of the practice, but did not know how to put a stop to the nuisance. As long as the spirit is in favor of tipping, he who is opposed to it on principle, and refuses to practice it, is put down as a cheap skate, to his own humiliation and detriment. Every Pullman porter expects to get enough to pay for a whisk broom and hat brush every time he uses them, and enough to pay for a box of blacking every time he puts a little on a man's shoes. However, the shine is in the line of service, and pay for it need not be regarded as a tip. The colored gentleman at the table of the dining car, and the black-gowned, white-aproned waitress at the restaurant alike expect some financial recognition of their service, and each one is disappointed if it doesn't come. In England, men on the street are not backward about asking for money if they tell a stranger the direction or distance to a place. Both in London and in New York, waiters are said to pay for the privilege of waiting on tables, expecting to receive more money in tips than they would as remuneration for service. Employers have not been slow to take advantage of this overgenerous public, and have cut down the wages of employees correspondingly."

EX-SENATOR DE PEW SPEAKS OF CONGRESS AND PRESIDENT AS STUDENTS AND SCHOOLMASTER.

Last week a representative of the New York Times interviewed Ex-Senator Chauncey M. De Pew of New York, in London. Mr. De Pew is now in his 80th year and speaks of himself as the "Dean of the Faculty of the Republican Party." Recently he made a trip to Washington and looked on the proceedings in Congress. The following breezy story was one of the results. Mr. De Pew may not be correct in his judgments and characterizations. But knowing that not a half dozen, perhaps, of the readers of The Pacific has seen the interview, we pass it on in part:

In the guise of a visitor, the old warrior of Republican politics gazed interestedly at the strange proceedings and "as far as human eye can see," considered the "wonders that may be." His vision of the future—summarized—was that Democracy had found a mighty leader, who, if he can get immediate results from his legislative program, may be considered as a bona fide Napoleon of politics; also that Republicans must find a leader of some sort, so if the program of Democracy fail the G. O. P. may once more wave

the banner "We Bring Prosperity before the eyes of the populace.

"I have been in active politics for fifty-seven years," he said, first taking the stump for Fremont and finishing last year by campaigning for President Taft. I have passed through many periods when everybody fervently believed that the country was going to the bowwows, and I have reached that comfortable station where I do not believe any such thing and am not afraid of anything.

"We are not like a cat climbing out of a well three feet and slipping back four. We have had many slips and may have more, but we never slip further than we have climbed, and, for the benefit of my Democratic friends, I want to say that, if we do have a slip in this administration I do not think it will be so bad as the last time the Democrats entered office, which resulted in the panic of 1893.

"The country is more prosperous, conditions are different and there is no silver issue on the horizon, so that if the Wilson program does fail it is likely to result only in continued depression as at present without an ensuing business crash.

"President Wilson's program will undoubtedly become law, although he is likely to have more opposition to his currency revision than to the tariff. I am convinced that he will have his own way since I went to Washington and visited his Congressional university.

"I have noticed all my life that intellectual men over 40 never change their methods of thinking. President Wilson was raised as a pedagogue, and a pedagogue he remains. The opposition to following this course only convinces him that it is the right one. He was known as the most autocratic President Princeton ever had. He encountered successful opposition from his Trustees when he attempted to enlarge the enrollment by making the institution more democratic. He is just as convinced now as then that had his plan been accepted Princeton would be the largest school in America.

"He has taken his autocratic, pedagogic ideas to Washington, and is having everything his own way. His Cabinet he regards merely as university professors. He realizes that he cannot attend to everything. So he allows them to do it; but if at any time he desires to enter their departments he will do so without invitation.

"Likewise, he regards both houses of Congress as his student body. I firmly believe he has occupied the President's room at the Capitol and delivered his messages in person, not because he wanted to enthrall the nation, but because he is accustomed to call his students together to give them a lecture. I am sure that he is following his habit in using the President's room, for he summons recalcitrant Senators and Representatives to meet him there, just as he would summon bad boys at Princeton. He summons them for the purpose of either convincing them that he is right or cowing them into submission. Their exit from that room is sufficiently humble anyway.

"He has even carried his school-room rules to the point of making his lectures begin on time, and I noticed on the occasion of his last appearance that every Senator and Representative was promptly in his seat and obediently attentive when the President took the rostrum. And he has caught the entire country with it. He differs from Roosevelt in that he is an autocratic Democrat, while Roosevelt is more or less a democratic autocrat.

"President Wilson is truly a great leader, and I am bound to admit that the Republicans have no leader at the present time. Although President Wilson was elected by a minority of the people he has succeeded in getting everybody to believe his party pledges, and that his legislative program will reduce the cost of living and increase wages. He is a brilliant man and has got brilliant men about him, who firmly believe this.

"Naturally, I am skeptical, but there is no use arguing as to tariff and currency reforms. I am willing to admit that it may be well to try them. I fear, however, that after President Wilson hammers the schedule through, unless there is an immediate change, sentiment will sweep the other way. Then, of course, would be another chance for Republicanism, if there were a leader big enough to unite the factions and make Roosevelt subside.

"The Democrats are just as good patriots as anybody. I believe that time should be given to them after their program becomes law to see how it will work.

"I am more disappointed with the currency bill than the tariff. I fail to see how any political commission, largely untrained in practical finance, can sufficiently understand the immutable laws which make money tight in financial centers. I think the English and French systems of a central bank are the only sound basis for us, and the only argument there seems to be against it in America is that President Jackson abolished it. All I can say is that we have never had a decent system since."

WHAT THE BREWERS OWN AND CONTROL.

Last winter the Minnesota legislature had a special committee investigate the relation between the brewers and the saloons. In part the substance of their findings was:

Breweries control seven-eights of the saloons of the Twin Cities, promote houses of ill fame and blind pigs and corrupt politics.

Out of 814 saloons in Minneapolis and St. Paul, 712 are either owned or controlled by brewing companies.

Four hundred and eighteen buildings occupied by saloons are owned by brewing companies, and in many other cases the brewers own the fixtures or hold mortgages on buildings or sites.

In Minneapolis three brewing companies own 270 saloon buildings.

There are sixteen brewing companies in business in the two cities.

Agents for brewing companies appear with applicants for liquor licenses and practically control the granting of such licenses.

From 60 to 75 per cent of license fees in St. Paul are paid by breweries and over 40 per cent in Minneapolis.

As many as 25 licenses are held by one brewing company.

Many license fees are paid by breweries who are paid back by saloon keepers in installments of $20 weekly.

Many contracts between saloons and breweries require the selling of but one kind of beer.

Brewing companies buy property for blind pig purposes and for houses of ill fame, placing agents in charge of same.

Blind pigs are encouraged by breweries, who deposit as high as $1,000 to pay possible fines.

As high as 40 cases of beer have been found in blind pigs in residence districts of Minneapolis.

Federal licenses in blind pigs are sometimes paid for by breweries.

Blind pigs have been raided three or four times and each

time the same person found in charge.

In prosecutions of blind pig cases agents of breweries are usually present with the defendant.

A brewing company officer signed 15 to 20 bail bonds for persons caught in a disorderly house.

Agents and officers of brewing companies seek to influence and control elections of aldermen, and successfully dictate affairs of cities with reference to liquor traffic.

A MESSAGE TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Announcement has recently been made concerning a movement for the joining of home and foreign mission forces of all denominations in a nation-wide presentation of the missionary cause. Inasmuch as the prosecution of the plan proposed has wide bearing upon the missionary activities of the local churches, the Societies undersigned desire to lay before their constituency a statement of the situation, and to ask them to express their will through their delegates in the National Council at Kansas City next October. A considerable number of the State Conference meetings the past spring have expressed their approval.

The consciousness of the essential oneness of all missionary work of whatever type, and wherever prosecuted, has been rapidly increasing in recent years, but has not found expression in any large and adequate way. Last January the Conference of Secretaries of Foreign Boards reached the unanimous conclusion that the time was ripe for a step forward toward united effort. Accordingly it made overtures to the Home Missions Council looking to a joint campaign of education and inspiration. These overtures were welcomed, and on March 19th, a committee of twenty men, representing the two bodies, met to consider what action might be possible and desirable. They found themselves in hearty agreement upon the propcsition that, for the future, all presentation of the claims of Missions at home and abroad ought to be made pursuant to a concerted plan, in which every interest should have due recognition, and to which it should be a party.

It was also agreed that the plans formed and the activities undertaken ought in the most complete way to be under the direction of the Home and Foreign Mission Boards, availing themselves of the aid of interdenominational agencies in such manner and degree as circumstances might suggest.

A considerable number of denominations have signified their willingness to co-operate in the general plan above described, and steps have been taken to work it out on the following lines:

1. By arranging a series of interdenominational conferences of one day each during the coming year in as many communities as possible, and continuing this effort from year to year until the whole country is covered. This matter has been taken up locally by a number of states, and through interdenominational communities they are planning to reach every city and village within their borders. The Laymen's Missionary Movement has been asked to relate its effort to the general movement, and it is hoping to hold three hundred or more of these one day conferences during the coming year. All these conferences will focus primarily on the definite object named in Number 3 below.

2. By prosecuting throughout the year a special effort to reach all members of churches through the printed page. To this end, the plans for Home Mission Week, November 16-23, which had been inaugurated by the Home Missions Council before the United Missionary Campaign was proposed, will be carried out in their integrity, and as a feature of the larger movement. In the latter part of the winter, the allied Foreign Mission Boards will plan for a similar special presentation of the work abroad. In this entire effort, the Missionary Education Movement will be a prime agency through which the Boards will work.

3. By concentrating the entire appeal of the year upon the proposal to make the month of March, 1914, the time for a simultaneous Every-Member Canvass throughout the churches of the nation. This Canvass will be conducted by each participating denomination in accordance with whatever system of benevolences it may have in force, and will cover the entire list of its missionary agencies. Churches or denominations for whom March is inconvenient will, of course, fix upon some other month.

While the missionary societies of the Congregational denomination have neither the right nor the power to commit the churches by which they are supported to the above undertaking, they do ask from all churches and pastors a very careful and sympathetic consideration of the plan. Whatever may be the detailed steps by which it is expressed in action, the situation outlined is so gratifying an advance toward the unity of all Christian people, it marks the removal of so many of the perplexities which have hampered missionary fellowship, it is so full of promise for future economy and efficiency, it holds such large possibilities for the expansion of Christian missions, as to command our instant and eager interest. It has clear and important bearing, not only upon the plans of the year ahead but upon the long future of the kingdom of God.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.
The Congregational Home Missionary Society.
The American Missionary Association.
The Congregational Church Building Society.
The Congregational Education Society.
The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.
The Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief.
The Executive Committee of the Apportionment Commission.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT BY THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Young Womens Christian Association is this year taking an important advance step in developing thirty acres which have been given them as conference grounds and vacation camp near Pacific Grove on what has long been known to Californians as Moss Beach. This tract, beautifully wooded, is bounded on one side by the ocean and on the other by the far-famed Seventeen Mile Drive. The lovely white sand dunes form a protection from wind and fog, as well as being an admired feature of landscape. No more attractive spot can well be imagined for the purpose for which this is to be used. Not only are the grounds themselves wonderfully beautiful, but the country, of which Stevenson has written so charmingly, offers a wealth of interest not often surpassed. As a vacation camp for busy

people, the tramps and excursions thereabouts will fill full the measure of one's holiday.

Exceptional facilities are offered for the comfort of guests in the buildings which are already nearing completion. Sleeping accommodations are provided in tent-houses with permanent roof and floor and canvas sides, fully equipped with modern plumbing and comfortably furnished with single iron beds. Each tent house contains sixteen rooms, with provision for two persons in each room. In addition to these, the beautiful administration building, with social hall 43 x 83, will be ready for occupancy this year. Constructed of stone, concrete and hewn logs, with every part within and without adapted to the beauty of its surroundings, it is a most artistic achievement of architectural skill; and the Association, being an organization of and for women, takes a just pride in the fact that the whole scheme for the buildings and for the development of the grounds is the expression of the creative art of a woman. The scheme calls for other buildings and equipment which will be added later, a dining hall and kitchen, which this summer will be under canvas, an assembly hall, an outdoor ampitheatre, a swimming pool, recreation grounds, additional tent houses, and cottages for the guests of the conferences.

This year the conference extends August 1-13. A program of rare excellence has been prepared which will be participated in by men of much more than local reputation, as well as by secretaries who are experts in their particular fields. A large attendance seems assured, and all indications are that it will be a conference the influence of which will be felt in all lines of Christian service and work on the Pacific Coast throughout the coming years.

After the close of the conference, the grounds will remain open as a vacation camp until September 1st, and it is hoped that many will avail themselves of the privileges which are offered. Other organizations will use the grounds for conference and conventions.

THE SOCIAL MESSAGE OF JESUS.

Abstract of an Address by the Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento at Christian Endeavor Convention in Los Angelos.

The social message and the individual message of Jesus are one. There are not two gospels. But there is a whole gospel for the whole man and for the whole world. The evangel is as broad as it is deep. It saves souls in society, and not souls in suspension. Christ says in effect, that he who seeks to save his soul for its own sake shall lose it; while he who gives his soul for society's sake shall save it eternally. The ideal of Jesus is socialized souls and a federated humanity. Only society can give the soul a career; while only the soul can give society a character.

Christianity seeks a reconciled world. The human constitution has always been reconciled; from the beginning human nature has been in the divine image; but human character and human citizenship have been out of harmony. On the foundation of the human constitution, Jesus builds human characters into citizenship.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" means not only, Go into every land, but also, Go into every institution and industry and art; for every deed in the home, the school, the shop, and the state is to become an errand of the Christian chivalry. That sounds much like the words of a familiar pledge: "Throughout my whole life I will endeavor to lead a Christian life."

Jesus believed that his socializing gospel would conquer the world; for he declared that the gates of death should not prevail against his church which held the keys of the living kingdom of God. He saw the coming generations of children streaming in through the gates of life to inherit the earth. When in old Jerusalem the boys and girls took up the cry of their elders and shouted, Hosanna! Christ declared that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God was perfecting praise. He seemed to say, "With every new-born generation, that praise shall find a larger and richer expression, until it shall ring around the world in the symphony of the new humanity. And then, in the child—in his loving trust, in his sublime audacity of faith, and in his democratic spirit—Jesus saw the symbol and secret of his insurgent kingdom.

We find a fitting prologue to the social message of Jesus in the angelic song, "Glory to God: on earth peace." Christ translated this promise and passion into a deathless prayer, "Our Father: Thy kingdom come on earth." He preached it as a message of divine-human affection—"God so loved the world: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He pledged his own imperial love to the fulfillment of his vision—"One is your Teacher, even the Christ, and all ye are brothers." He knew that these brothers were to become the "light of the world; the salt of the earth, and the leaven" of the whole lump of the socialized humanity. Surely he had an imperial social message, comparable to his august social passion and befitting the pre-eminence of his imperial personality!

While Christ declared, "All authority is given unto me in heaven and on earth, he also declared, "The Spirit of truth shall lead you into all truth." So while in his person and in his spoken gospel, he gave us all the principles of the social message; he points us to the gospel of the Holy Ghost to learn all the applications. The progressive program of Christian civilization is revealed and realized only as Christian men will to do God's will; only as they take the yoke of Christ and learn the better social adjustments in loyalty to the world's work. It is at the point of brotherly service that we receive the final illuminations of the Spirit for social reconstruction.

I believe that Jesus saw Christian history fulfilling itself in cycles; and that in the parable of the wheat and the tares, he gave us the picture of one masterful ideal after another struggling to victory over some colossal wrong. At length the tares were to reach the consummation of their age and be harvested to their consuming judgment and burned. The cycle of black slavery has run its course; the cycle of white slavery is hastening to its completion; and the cycle of wage slavery is nearing its finish; while the cycle of drink slavery sees the beginning of its end. It is the immemorial contest of the right against the wrong. As Jesus closes the parable of the wheat and the tares, he gives us as the climax of his social message for every cycle of reform and for every full campaign of insurgent holiness, the glowing words of triumph, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

When Satan asked of Christ that He cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, and thrill the city with His marvelous power, He absolutely refused. He came not to thrill the world, but to save it.

AFTER THE CONVENTION.

W. N. Burr.

The great International Christian Endeavor Convention, Los Angeles, 1913, has passed into history. Some of us who, in other years, have travelled across mountain and plain hundreds of miles to attend one of these conventions, remained quietly in our home towns this year when the convention came near to us. Not because we have lost any of the old-time enthusiasm for Christian Endeavor—we love it more than ever; but why not "stay at home and avoid the crowds," when the Convention is so near that it is sure to boil over upon one's own town?

That is just what happened to Pomona. The three local societies sent large delegations to Los Angeles—Pilgrim Congregational Society being represented by over forty of its members. Already Pilgrim Church has had two "Echo Meetings," at the time of the usual Sunday evening service, and a big **union** "Echo" is planned for next Sunday night.

We have also been privileged to listen to two of the leading convention speakers—Dr. Ira Landrith, of Nashville, Tennessee, and Hon. Daniel A. Poling, of Columbus, Ohio, the recently-appointed Superintendent of Temperance and Good Citizenship of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. These droppings from the Convention sanctuary have furnished us abundant inspiration, and all the food for thought that we can digest for some time to come. We are glad that we did not go to the "Convention proper." The feast would have been too much for us.

Dr. Landrith preaches the gospel of physical, mental and spiritual healthfulness, and gives the impression that he practices what he preaches. He keeps young in spite of passing years—probably because he associates much with young people, and is quick to recognize the tremendous influence of strong young lives upon the movement of modern affairs.

"This is a young age," he said. "I was held one day not long ago by the thought that it is the young people who are doing things in these days. I had spent the night in a Pullman sleeper. It was a young man who awoke me in the morning. It was a young man who took my grip when I left the car. The hotel clerk was a young man. The elevator was run by a young man. I needed the help of a stenographer—it was a young lady who served me. In the dining room the waitresses were all young women. I was whirled about the city in an auto—the man at the wheel was a young man. I had business with the General Passenger Agent of a certain railroad, and when I met him I found myself face to face with a young man of twenty-two. I went to see the General Manager of a great newspaper—he was a beardless youth.

"To keep affairs from running to destruction, and to serve its day and generation well, all this young life needs a firm hand and a steady head and a warm heart. That clever cartoonist of blessed memory, Frank Beard, once had in the 'Ram's Horn'—a paper that ought never to have been allowed to die—a picture of a young man holding a crown, on which was the word CHARACTER. All about him was a hungry hoard of sirens, each one of whom would have taken the crown from him if she could. The lesson of Frank Beard's cartoon is needed as much today as ever it was."

And then Dr. Landrith gave himself free rein in a stirring appeal to young people to fit themselves for worthy service by being **well** enough and **wise** enough and **good** enough to tackle their opportunities as they came to them. "What right has any man to live in a world and mar it or scar it?" he asked.

The auditorium of Pilgrim Congregational church seats about one thousand persons. Floor and gallery were packed last Monday night by a throng of wideawake listeners who had gathered to hear Supt. Poling's address on "Temperance."

He began by saying: "We are agreed, I am sure, that the dominant note, the paramount issue, is—not the tariff, not money, not imperialism, but human welfare. And I submit to you that the highest conservation is not the conservation of forests, rivers or millions—the highest conservation is the conservation of women and children, of humanity, of manhood and womanhood.

Then he said many things that have been said before; but it takes a Poling to say them in such a way as to make them stick.

But he said some things that have not been said before, at least not often enough to have made much of an impression. He urged the necessity for a federation of the temperance forces, with emphasis upon their agreements and the points of disagreement minimized as much as possible. And this is the slogan of a movement that is likely to play no small part in the history of temperance reform in the immediate future.

The ideal and the practical are both well sustained in Mr. Poling's thinking. "Politics is clean," said he, "in proportion as clean men and women dominate politics. If clean men and women do not go into politics there is sure to be disaster. I am just beginning to understand what my Lord meant when he said, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' No state has any right to exist for any other purpose than that for which the Son of God died on Calvary—to set men free. And God has hands only as I give Him mine, and God has flesh today only as I give myself to Him. Who follows in His train? That is the supreme question of life. I have no time to give myself in any measure to any task that does not meet, as I see it, with His approbation, that does not call forth His concern, that does not receive His strength and His benediction. And because I believe that this is God's war, I am glad to invite other people to be giving themselves to it."

Pomona, California.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Story of a Sailor's Life.

I am tempted to tell about some early members of our Mariners' Church.

Harry Chester (scores of people now living knew him in the later years of his life) was a Jew, a Christian, and a sailor—a very rare combination. As a Jew his name was Henry Nathan. He was converted in a mission to Jews in London, was disowned by his family, who from the time of his conversion, regarded him as dead, and never afterwards owned him as a relative. Turned out of his father's house, and lacking means of livelihood, he went to sea, and, following a sailor custom, chose a new name, and for the rest of his life was known as Henry Chester.

He shipped on the ship Ivanhoe in Liverpool, for San Francisco. He was a whole-hearted Christian, and resolved to win his shipmates to Christ, if possible. He was resolved to win the hardest cases first, and picked out a jolly young Irishman, named Edward Dunscombe, as his

first subject for labor. This young Irishman was a good singer and made the forecastle ring with his Irish melodies. He was the most popular man of the crew, but repelled all Chester's efforts with scorn and insults. But he was won at last and became his earnest friend and coworker.

Chester arrived in this city early in 1859, and soon found his way to the Mariners' Church. No more faithful and devoted laborer did we ever have. He did not take to winning souls, but for any other work he was always ready. He rang the bell, swept out the church building, and delighted in persuading strangers to come to our meetings. With his hands full of tracts, he would take his stand on a street-corner, accost every passerby, come with him to church, if he would come, and give him a tract, if he refused. Many a soul was led to Christ there who would never have been there but for the zeal of Henry Chester.

He got employment at the Sailors' Home, where he always kept a Bible, laid open, for the perusal of a text, in a leisure moment. Then he entered the service of a Mr. Merriman, a mover of outworn houses, and at last, with true Jewish instinct for money-making, he entered into partnership with a Mr. Hyde in the same business.

From this time his zeal for Christ and his cause, gave place to a struggle for wealth, and he ceased to be an active worker for the church and the souls of men. He was a born autocrat, and insisted on having everything done in his way—he was a very Diatrephes. This temper brought him into frequent collisions with the pastor of the church and then there was war. At last he determined that the pastor should leave, and for years he labored to persuade or force the Port Society to discard him as their chaplain and the church as their pastor. This proved a harder task than he had anticipated and he was defeated. From this time and on he was of very little use to the church and its work, but became a constant trouble breeder. Nearly all the troubles in the church for years were due to his plottings.

The story of quite a series of years can be told in a sentence or two. He made money, and in his zeal to get more lost it all. He exchanged his many partly-paid-for city lots for a ranch and lost everything. He came back here and resumed his old business with very moderate success, but launched a new enterprise, of which he was the undisputed "boss," viz., a mission for the Jews, in which I helped him all I could, glad to see his zeal turned to some good account. This was, perhaps, the most useful period of his life.

But he got to be an old man, much older than his years, and at last disease crippled him. He lost a foot, and was mostly confined to his hired house. But here, by letters and personal effort, led several persons, Jews and others, to the saving knowledge of Christ.

And here comes one of the most interesting facts of his life. A brother of his, who lived in London, was convinced of his sincerity, and learning that he was suffering from poverty, sent him money. He never acknowledged his relationship, or addressed him by letter as "brother," but monthly, so long as he lived, sent him a liberal allowance, which enabled him to live in comfort, and partly pay his old pastor the money long before borrowed from him. It was a real comfort to him on these days of weakness to be able to do this.

There are many prominent church members, who have more vices and fewer virtues than had Henry Chester.

A MEMENTO OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Charles F. Whitton.

In February, 1899, I was present at the Y. M. C. A. convention at San Jose when my father, the late Abel Whitton, was called on to give his recollections of the organization of the San Francisco association in the early fifties. After being introduced as the only survivor of the five men who constituted the committee to draw the constitution of the first Young Men's Christian Association in California, he said:

"There is probably no one present except the Rev. Dr. M. C. Briggs, who remembers the place where we held our first meeting to organize the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco. It was in the Rev. Flavel S. Mines' Episcopal Church on Pine street, where the California Market stands today. There we made our first effort in that line, there being present not more than a dozen or fifteen persons. The members of the committee chosen to draw up a constitution were: a lawyer by the name of Thomas C. Hambly, quite well along in years; another lawyer named Osbourne, who died while president of the Association and while district attorney of San Francisco; John H. McKee, of the firm of Stout & McKee, dry goods dealers; Thomas S. Spear, a printer; and myself. This committee of five met, I think, in Mr. Hambly's office in the Wells Building, corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, although I am not positive as to the place. It was at the First Presbyterian Church, then on Stockton street, that we met to choose our first officers, and the late Ira P. Rankin, E. W. Taylor and myself were the judges of election, which resulted in the choice of a gentleman by the name of Rising as president. He became an Episcopal clergyman and subsequently lost his life on the Mississippi during the Cilvil War. The first half dozen years were a time when it was very hard to maintain the association and those who had its interests most at heart were compelled to put their hands deep down in their pockets and make strenuous efforts to get assistance from others in order to keep the organization alive. At one time all the effects of the association were kept in the advertising agency of the late L. P. Fisher. But notwithstanding all the difficulties, earnest effort was put forth and good work done in those early days."

EVERYWOMAN.

A Morality Play Which Teaches the Unreality of Evil.

James B. Orr.

Everywoman makes a pilgrimage in quest of what her soul most longs for—love. Before she finds love she must meet, unmask and spurn imitations. First comes Flattery, and Modesty warns Everywoman that Flattery is not what he seems, that he is untrue:

Oh! Everywoman, I pray thee harken not to this man,
For though his tongue is sweet, his heart is false.
Knowest thou not there are many pretenders to his throne?

Everywoman is slow to believe the falseness of this pretender to the throne of Love.

Truth speaks: "Everywoman, thou hast listened to Flattery. Listen to Truth. Love is born of Truth. Everywoman who yields to Flattery is lost to thee, true Love."

Similarly Everywoman meets Passion and Wealth, who both claim themselves Love, but Everywoman, after bitter experiences, realizes that these are only false claimants for the throne of Love. At last Everywoman has learned the unreality of Evil, that Truth alone can lead to Love. She cries:

"Ha! Truth! 'Tis Truth, sweet Truth.
I know thee now. Welcome! Welcome!"

Truth asks: "Wilt walk with Truth?"

Everywoman answers:

"Aye, that I will,
For evermore."

Truth leads Everywoman to the church door, where she learns of righteousness and is then led by Truth to the home Everywoman left in her quest for Love. Lo, here asleep by the grate fire, is Love. Everywoman must awake him. Reality at last is found; it is Love in the home.

It is difficult for some minds to differentiate between particular evils and Evil. Evils called Flattery, Passion, Wealth exist, but they are only shams. Truth well expresses this when Everywoman asks:

"What is true happiness?
Where can it be found?

Truth replies:

"A myth—a mocking mirage—a poet's dream.
The fleeting substance of a maniac's scheme.
A will-o'-the-wisp is happiness. When sought,
'Tis ever out of reach; 'tis never caught.
A timid, hunted hare—in its pursuit
Woman becomes a wanton, man a brute.
If happiness thou seekest, follow Truth."

Walter Browne renders a great service by revealing to young people the folly of trusting vices to afford them real happiness. Happy is Everywoman who retains Youth and Beauty as long as possible, but thrice happy to keep always such companions as Truth, Modesty, Conscience, and thereby Love.

CONGREGATIONALISTS AT MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The Congregationalists had some fine representatives at Mount Hermon, and they did some fine things. They were Mrs. F. B. Perkins of Oakland, President Woman's Home Missionary Union, and her daughter, Miss Helen Perkins, Mrs. E. R. Wagner of San Jose; Mrs. M. E. Botsford, Mrs. Linnell of Oakland, Mrs.. Louise Oakey of Corona and others, and Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, the secretary of literature of the Woman's Home Missionary Union. Mrs. Perkins was the one to whom we owed that fine big motto that stretched on the wall of the main room of our Missions Building, that saying of Hamilton Mabie:—"The Main Business of the 20th Century is to help the Races to get acquainted."

Free Congregational missionary literature was on exhibition. The Congregational was the first denomination to hold its "rally," it being held on Tuesday afternoon, July 22. All the rest of us who were not Congregationalists were invited to attend, and the room at the Missions Building was filled with interested listeners. Mrs. Perkins presided, and the program consisted of delightfully informing short addresses by Congregational missionaries. None of the other denominations at their subsequent rallies had so many missionaries present as the Congregationalists had at their rally. Mrs. Perkins announced that we would begin with California and then visit China and Africa. Consequently, the first speaker was Mrs. W. H. Cooke, who with her husband has been doing missionary work at Pittsburg, a town where the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers meet. In old times the town was simply a fishing village. Then it became a shipping port for coal from Mt. Diablo, and was called Black Diamond. Sacramento and Stockton boats stopped there in old times. The town has continued to be almost entirely Italian. Mr. C. A. Hooper, from Pittsburg, Pa., has bought the place and endeavored to change it into a manufacturing center. Steel works, a ship-yard, two fish canneries, a dairy with 200 cows, are now the varied industries of this Italian town, which has 5000 inhabitants, two-thirds being either Italian or Catholics. Mrs. Cooke has charge of the Sunday-school there, which now has about 120 or 130 enrolled and an average attendance of 80 or 90. The Italians take very greedily all the left-over Sunday-school papers the Cookes can get, and will take Collier's, etc. Seeing this, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke have subscribed for an Italian evangelistic paper published in Rome. Rev. and Mrs. Cooke consulted with Dr. Walker of the Italian work in San Francisco. He came, bringing his two daughters, and went around through little Pittsburg's streets, his daughters singing in Italian, he himself speaking. The Italians gathered in crowds. The Cookes had tried to get an old opera house for the meeting, but the Italian owner held it at $10. Finally, he came down to $7. But when he heard Dr. Walker speaking on the street, the Italian opera-house owner said, "Was it for **him** you wanted it?"

"Yes."

"Say!" said the Italian, "you can have it for five!"

So the Italians came into the opera-house and Dr. Walker spoke. He wishes, as soon as possilbe, to put a regular worker among the Italians of Pittsburg. But since Dr. Walker's meeting, the Cookes have been told that the people were all the time listening, because they thought he "left out something." He never once mentioned the Virgin Mary! The Italians of Pittsburg are of nearly a heathen type of Catholicism.

The next speakers were a group of three from Lintsingcho, China, and Mrs. E. R. Wagner made introductory remarks, as Dr. and Mrs. Wagner used to be missionaries on that field. Mrs. Wagner announced that Dr. Tallman went out as a missionary from the First Church of San Jose, so was a California girl. She had been on the China field for over seven years. She took Dr. Wagner's place because she was a physician, and was now home on her first furlough. Of the three missionaries from Lintsing, Dr. Susan B. Tallman was the first to speak to us. She brought us the message of Chinese Christian women, old Mrs. Jo of the hospital, Mrs. Soon and others. "When you go to America," said some of the Chinese women to Dr. Tallman, "please remember us to all the Christians there." Those Chinese pray for "the old church in America."

Mr. E. W. Ellis was the second Congregational missionary from Lintsing to speak to us. He told us that they met people there yet, cripples and others, who still speak of the good things that Dr. Wagner did for them. During thirteen years, the church membership has increased sixfold.

Mrs. E. W. Ellis, the third speaker from Lintsing, told us how they got hold of the Chinese women, and what

the missionaries did with them. She mentioned several instances showing Christian medical ideas. Once a child was brought with a dead turtle fastened over its stomach to keep the child from stomach trouble. The father had cut off the turtle's head and feet, and Mrs. Ellis declared the turtle was green with age. When Dr. Tallman took off the turtle and buried it, it was about as dead as it could be. The Chinese have to be taught that God is love. They place the door of the temple of the goddess of mercy so it opens toward the north, in order that she may understand how cold the north winds are. After a dry spell, the Chinese may take their god of rain, and put him out in the hot sun on the rail of a bridge, so that he may remember how hot the sun is.

Mrs. Amy Bridgman Cowles, of Adams Mission Station, South Africa, gave us an interesting address on the Congregational work there among the Zulus. The Zulu is proud of being black. He is "the finest piece of muscle in the world." Witchcraft, polygamy, and the sale of daughters are hindrances to Christianity. Mrs. Cowles gave interesting examples of the "clicks" of the Zulu language. There was no written language when the missionaries first went to the Zulus. The missionaries decided to represent the "clicks" by the letters c, q, x. When a Zulu child, learning to read, made the "clicks" particularly well, perhaps, he was given a pinch of salt as a reward. The small Zulus would like the salt as well as children in America like candy.

The white missionaries preached for eleven years before there was a convert to Christianity. Then an old woman said, "I choose the Lord." That old woman's grandson afterwards was Dr. J. Nembula, now deceased, but once the district surgeon of Mapumulo, "the only man of Zulu descent who has practiced in Natal, holding his appointment from the Government."

Mrs. Cowles' little class of Zulu children make "gardens for the Lord," and send five dollars a year up to the old mission field of Gaza-land. The past year, when food was so scarce, those little children only fell fifty cents short of their five dollars of missionary money.

Mrs. Cowles has a very interesting exhibit of Zulu curios for the interested Mount Hermon folks—pictures of Zulu children, Zulu ear-rings, a Zulu snuff-spoon (used also as a handkerchief!), a nine-feet-long skin of a snake killed by Mrs. Cowles' little dog back of her house.

Mrs. James Hazlett read to us Robert Haven Schauffler's poem, "We call them 'Scum o' the earth.' "

So delightful was the Congregational rally that a Methodist woman by whom I chanced to sit at the auditorium that evening, when we assembled to hear Mrs. James Hazlett's interpretation of "Job," said to me, referring to the Congregational "rally," "I was wonderfully interested in that meeting. I don't know when a meeting's done me so much good!"

Daily Bible studies and text-book classes were conducted by our dear teacher, Mrs. D. B. Wells, and the young people's hour was in charge of Mrs. G. L. Hagman, State Christian Endeavor Missionary Secretary. It is impossible to tell of all the good things heard and seen at Mt. Hermon.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions.

The person of critical mind and temperament, the fault-finding person, is seldom attractive in disposition, or popular.

Among the Churches.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. D. Goodsell of Angels Camp is in Berkeley for a month's vacation.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Hand of Lemon Grove are taking a vacation in the San Francisco bay region.

The Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks have gone for a two weeks' visit with Los Angeles relatives. They will return about the 9th of August.

The Rev. A. Drahms who supplied the last month at Martinez is again in San Francisco—at the Bradbury. Mrs. Drahms is slowly recovering from an accident which resulted in a broken leg.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. A. J. Kennedy of Oakland will speak on some modern movements in the religious world which are all the while winning recruits, and the doctrines and methods of which demand some consideration.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles is to give five addresses on "The Affirmations of Modern Christianity," at the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Pacific Grove, which is to be held August 1-13. Dr. Day's addresses will be on August 6, 7, 8, 9, 11. The Rev. H. K. Booth of Long Beach is to conduct a class on "The Social Teachings of Isaiah. It is announced also that the Rev. Dr. Loba of Ontario will give some addresses.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Our church and community has had a great uplift through the visit of Rev. E. L. House, D.D., who gave fifteen addresses in the eight days, chiefly on the new psychology and the duty and privilege of the church in the light of it. Dr. House drew larger average audiences than the great Chautauqua Assembly which held its sessions in Pacific Grove for the two weeks just preceding. Pastor and people here want to add their grateful word, commending Dr. House to the rest of our Congregational churches wherever he may go.

REV. JOHN DOANE'S DEATH.

A large Congregational constituency in San Diego and vicinage, and a by no means inconsiderable number of personal friends through the country at large, were profoundly shoked to learn, Thursday morning, July 17, of the death of the Rev. John Doane, the highly esteemed and greatly be'oved pastor of the Mission Hills Congregational Church. Although his passing away seemed unheralded and most abrupt, an autopsy revealed conditions in the stomach and inestines which absolutely precluded the enjoyment of hea'th any longer. The immediate cause of his demise, however, was the failure to rally from a desperate operation for peritonitis, performed at the Agnew Hospital, San Diego. When stricken with the fatal attack, he was on a camping trip with the choir boys of his church, and the tragic and startling termination of this vacation jaunt only accentuated the grief of all who knew him.

John Doane was born fifty-eight years ago, and re-

ceived, through inheritance and training, the most promising start in life. His father was a noted mechanical engineer, and later founded and endowed Doane College, at Crete, Nebraska. His son, John, was educated at Harvard University, and entering the ministry, served increasingly influential parishes in Ohio, Nebraska, Colorado, and finally, San Diego, California. His serene and equable temper, sunny disposition, passionate love for children, clear thinking, wide experience and progressive temper, made him a peculiarly valuable man for a city pastorate. Perhaps nothing endeared him more to his parish and friends than his youthful spirit, retained in spite of his advancing years and gray hairs. Among his most enthusiastic followers were the boys and girls of the Mission Hills community.

Funeral services were held in the Mission Hills chapel, a monument to his own artistic sense and indomitable energy, on Monday, afternoon, July 21. Simple but feeling tribute was paid to his memory by Superintendent R. B. Larkin, of Los Angeles, Judge William A. Sloane, one of the leading laymen of the Mission Hills church, and Rev. Shelton Bissell, of La Jolla, one of Mr. Doane's first friends when he came to California. Not the least affecting part of the service was the singing of the boy choir, which Mr. Doane had trained with infinite patience, skill and an infectious enthusiasm. A bereaved family of wife, two sons and daughter, survive. The remains were cremated in Los Angeles. SHELTON BISSELL.

The Home.

"I've joined the Don't Worry Club,
And now I hold my breath;
For I am so scared for fear I'll worry
That I am worried almost to death."

THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

Did you ever hear of John Grumley? My knowledge of him begins and ends with a story that is told in ballad form. It is not a very well-known ballad, it is long and full of incident, but the first verse is the essential part of it.

John Grumley he swore by the light of the moon,
And the green leaves that grew on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day,
Than his wife could do in three.

"That "swear" of John's got him into trouble. His wife took the declaration seriously. She went into the fields to plow, to plant, and gather the harvest, leaving John at home to play hired girl. John's misfortunes, according to the ballad, came thick and fast. He burned the meat, the porridge boiled over, hours of churning brought no butter, the children played hob with everything about the place, including John's disposition, the cow refused to let down her milk—I believe John set fire to the house before his stunt was finished.

I am not, you understand, casting clods at the man who during some domestic upheaval helps out to the best of his ability. He ought to be canonized, no matter how clumsy his efforts may be. It is the "John Grumleys" who ought to be made to see the error of their ways. I pity from the bottom of my heart any woman who has married one.

During my girlhood, I visited once in a "John Grumley" household and I came away with a noble determination to live my life as an old maid. This John Grumley said his love for order and cleanliness was a passion. When he built his home, he planned a pot closet with rows of hooks and painted below each was the outline of the utensil to be hung there. When "John" found a pot on the wrong hook it was up to somebody to explain. He kept the household accounts, he did the marketing, decided on each day's menu, poked into every hole and corner about the house, opened an oven door to see how the dinner was progressing, kept his eye on the silver and linen, and during his vacation put up preserves

"I wish I had a husband like that," said a woman to whom I told the story, "it would settle the hired girl question; either he would make her toe the mark or he would do the work himself." This, however, is far from true; there is not a hired girl in existence with the smallest degree of self-respect, who would stay ten days in a "John Grumley" household. For my part, commend me to the man with no more domestic ability than mowing a lawn or sozzling the yard and shoveling snow. It is a man's place simply to come home to eat, sleep, luxuriate in the comforts of home, and pay the bills. I should prefer that brand, if he had not the ability to tack down a strip of matting, to a "John Grumley."

"Some years ago," said a clubwoman of my acquaintance, "I was chosen as delegate to represent our club at the Federation meeting in a Western city. The question arose, who was to keep house in my absence.

" 'I have always thought,' he said, 'you did not get as much work out of the servants as you might. You are too easy with them. By getting up an hour earlier. I can do the marketing on my way down-town. The children mind me as well as they do you. Why shouldn't I keep house?'

" 'I really don't know why,' I confessed, but I felt as if all the wind had gone out of my sails. I wanted to tell him a few things about running the house before I left, but he was quite disdainful.

" 'My dear,' he said, 'you simply don't give a man credit for having any common sense.'

"I started for the West. My husband's letters were so ecstatic over the way things were going that I quit worrying. Everything moved like clockwork, he assured me. He had cut the table bills down considerably, still they were having as much to eat as when I was home. He had begun by laying the law down to the servants; there were no beaus in the kitchen now at night. The garbage can was kept hygienically clean. The children were in bed and asleep before nine o'clock. He had discovered some wonderful new poultry food and our hens were laying thirty eggs a day. The second girl was mending and darning quite nicely. The children had not been late for school one day since I left. The house was as neat as wax, and they were economizing on ice because the cook was doing what he had always advised—wrapping the ice in newspaper.

"The letters began to grow shorter and were burdened with less detail. My husband confessed it kept him pretty busy to attend to the office as well as the home. Before I had finished my visit, however, I received a letter from an Irish woman who was helping out at home, telling me that the two servants had left and that things were pretty bad.

"That train home fairly crawled. It was nine o'clock when I got to the house. I left the carriage at the corner and crept up to the piazza where I could peek into the dining room window. I stood there for several minutes, half

laughing, half crying. My husband had a red table-cloth pinned about him. He looked old and pale and worried, the children were as forlorn and dirty as little tramps. Such dust and confusion were never seen in that dining-room be fore. The children were eating crackers and milk. He stood over the chafing dish stirring a Welsh rarebit!

"I stole in quietly at the back door and was right among them before they heard me. What a shout went up! The youngsters climbed all over me. As for him, he gripped me tight in his arms, I put my head on his shoulder and cried all over that old, red tablecloth. He followed me about the house while I made beds and tidied things, but he never once offered to help. After I had kissed the last freshly scrubbed little face and tucked it away on a clean pillow and kissed it good night, I went down-stairs with him and followed him out to the dark piazza. He did not speak for a long time.

"Things?" got in a snarl toward the end, didn't they?" I suggested in a choking voice.

" 'My dear,' he answered, slowly, 'so long as I live I will never again say that a man can run a house or that a woman has nothing to do at home. I would not put in another two such weeks for ten thousand dollars.' "

I pray of you mothers, don't raise a "John Grumley" to make life a misery for some woman of the future!—Isabel Gordon Curtis.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary trav'ller
Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glist'ning dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes
Upon a summer day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The trav'ller on his way,
Who would not miss the smallest,
And softest ones that blow,
And think they make a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
Each one of us may do,
Although we have so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
We want a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things we all may do
For others by our love.

THE TRAVELER COURTEOUS.

"Men who work for me must have plenty of likes and no dislikes," said a prominent man when complimented on the splendid banking institution he has built up, and asked for his "secrets."

"She never saw a fault if she could help it; and if she did see it, no one ever knew she saw it," says a writer in a current magazine concerning "the first lady in Alabama."

Would that every one of us seeking business and social success could take these two sententious utterances as texts and preach ourselves some private, heart-searching sermons thereon! The composite result would be an avalanche of cheer and new courage that is sorely needed in these days of pin-prick criticism.

Especially would I recommend these texts to travelers far from home. Almost every magazine we pick up contains advice to guests on how to make themselves agreeable, and the suggestions are, for the most part, exceedingly sensible and practical. But far better than punctually at meals, helpfulness in the home and all that is generally accepted as essential to the make-up of a desirable guest, would be this tactful ability to like everything or else ignore it.

This ability is peculiarly needed when one has taken a long journey, for I know by experience how easy it is to be hypercritical at such times and to make comparisons, forgetting that "comparisons are odious" and always in poor taste

The attitude of the usual visitor coming from a distant part of this big country of ours is excessively "judgmatical." He has come, naturally and rightfully, with wide-open eyes and ears. He is looking for new things and differences—as he should. Travelers ought to be keenly observant and also discriminating. What I am objecting to is that he should voice his observations so loudly, make such sweeping assertions on brief experience and reach such radical conclusions that they can be neither just nor correct.

Many are also guilty of prejudging. They come with a settled opinion concerning conditions, and the first corroborating evidence is loudly proclaimed in an I-told-you-so tone. Whatever evidence of a contrary condition may come to their attention, they are simply not to be convinced.

A continuous flaw-finding shows the visitor to be on the hunt for the very things which the citizens deplore and would eliminate if they could. For every right-minded person loves his home and its surroundings, while fully aware that it has its deficiences, even its downright evils; consequently both personal and civic pride are hurt by the feeling that everything is under scrutiny—on exhibition, as it were—being "weighed in the balances" and inevitably "found wanting," because the self-appointed judge is putting all the flaws on the scales and leaving off the virtues.

Yet it is not in direct argument, in which statements can be contradicted by facts, but in little naggy observations that this attitude is manifested. "How the wind blows in this country!" (You know that windy days are the exception). "The sun must be awfully hard on paint down here." "Don't you hate to see dirty gloves?" (A passenger in the car is under fire.) "What a rude motorman! I supposed all southern men were gentlemen!" "Dear me! Do all your men smoke cigarettes?"

Small comments like these betoken a small mind and also a limited experience. For the real globe-trotter, while he

sees little things, has learned to place them where they belong. He has the large vision that puts everything in its relative place, and consequently he does not judge a section wholly by its extremes or peculiarities. Indeed, what seem oddities to the limited traveler are but ordinary to him who has met them in many places.

The globe-trotter realizes, as the inexperienced do not, that sectional differences and peculiarities are rapidly being wiped out by the intermingling of all Americans, commercially and socially. Very soon we shall be a cosmopolitan people. Once upon a time there may have been a "typical western girl," "a typical southern gentleman," a "New England woman"; but that is hardly the case now. We have nearly all kinds of Americans in all our towns and nearly all kinds of conditions in every section refrain from publishing their own limitations by proclaiming the "oddities" they have discovered.

To be an agreeable guest demands the gracious tact that either "likes" things or else fails to mention them. An application of the golden rule brings the fullness of politeness, kindliness and Christian culture. Travelers must continually bear in mind the fact that the section from which they come is being judged by what they say and do and are.—Lee McCrae in the Continent.

HIS LAMB.

The Buffalo News tells of a traveling man who, on his marriage, was given a month's vacation. He and his bride passed their honeymoon in a quiet summer resort.

One evening as they entered the dining room and sat down, as usual, in a secluded corner, the young husband noticed a good customer at the table near by.

"Say, dearest," he whispered, "there's Mr. Jones over there. You won't mind if I go over and dine with him, will you? Think how fine it will be if I get back from my wedding trip with a smashing big order."

The little bride agreed rather ruefully. Her traveling man hurried over to Jones, shook hands with him and ordered his dinner, which included roast lamb. Then he began to talk business.

He talked so earnestly and at such length that he didn't notice when the waiter removed his meat dishes and placed a desert before him. Then suddenly he looked down at his plate.

"Why," he exclaimed, "where's my lamb?"

A little voice in the corner piped out, "Here I am dear!"

THE GIRL AND THE BIRD.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather!"

"A nice little girl is that," piped he,
"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see.
She hasn't a single feather!"
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Honesty, courage, purity and self-control are far more needed today than any career of glory or any exploits that win in the plaudits of the galleries.

For The Children.

HAL'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Hal Clayton looked very rueful. His mother found him, after the company had gone, sitting on the back steps—alone Even Emperor William, the big Newfoundland dog, was not with him.

"Why, Hal?" and Mrs. Clayton's tone implied a question.

"It—it's because you said my nose was smutty," explained Hal, struggling hard to keep his voice steady—something that every man, according to Hal's notion, was expected to do. "And made me leave the room and wash the smut off—right before the—the company."

"But my boy wouldn't want to remain in the room looking like that, I hope," replied his mother, gently, "and have the ladies see him."

"No—o," after considering the situation a moment. "But isn't there some—some other way of—than speaking right out, mamma? I mean when I ought to leave the room for something?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," answered Mrs. Clayton. "We might use wireless telegraphy."

"Wireless—te-leg-raphy" exclaimed Hal, wonderingly. "You can not do that: we'd have to have instruments, if we don't need any wire."

"We have them," and Mrs Clayton assumed an air of mystery. Instruments? repeated Hal.

"Yes; I have a pair, and you have a pair," and Mrs. Clayton smiled at the incredulous expression on Hal's face.

"Mamma, you're fooling!"

'No, I'm not, dear."

"I—I don't—see." Then quickly: "Where are they—the instruments?"

"They are our eyes," replied Mrs. Clayton. "Mine will be the transmitter, and yours the receiver."

"I don't see how that can be!" exclaimed Hal, more mystified than ever.

"Don't?"

"No!"

"Let me explain," and Mrs. Clayton held open the door for Hal to come into the house. "We will go into the sitting room now, and learn the code."

"Mamma, I still think you're playing tricks with me," declared Hal.

"Not at all, dear. In a minute you'll see I'm not."

"I hope so," doubtfully.

"Now let's imagine I have company, Hal," after they had sat down—Mrs. Clayton by the south window, and Hal directly opposite, "and you have come into the room with soiled hands. Of course, I wouldn't want you to remain in that—"

"But how would I know without your telling me—just as you did to-day?" interrupted Hal.

"By using the wireless," replied Mrs. Clayton, smiling. "For soiled hands I'll send a message of one wink, with my transmitter. And your eyes—the receiver—will take the message. That will mean for you to hurry out and wash them. You understand so much of the code?"

"Yes," and Hal laughed at the mere idea. "I never thought of that!"

"No? For a dirty face, two winks. Uncombed hair, three

winks. Muddy boots, four. Then for—"

"Wait, Mamma, please," said Hal, "till I get some paper, so we can write down all the code. Then I won't forget."

"Very well," and Mrs. Clayton went to the library table drawer for a pencil.

"There," after the code was written out, "suppose we practice a little, to be sure we have learned the signals," suggested Mrs. Clayton.

"All right!" exclaimed Hal, happily, "The messages come from you."

"We'll try the one for uncombed hair first," and Mrs. Clayton immediately flashed a wireless across the room.

Without a word Hal got up and went out, and on his return his hair was neatly combed.

"That was easy and so much better than to—to have all the people," pointing to the empty chairs in the room, "know why I left. Let's try the others," eagerly, "all of them!"

And so they went through the entire code. Not a single message miscarried!

"My! that's splendid—our wireless telegraphy!" exclaimed Hal, in great delight, after the practice was over "How did you happen to think about it?"

"If I recollect rightly," smiled Mrs. Clayton, "it was you who suggested the plan.—"Zion's Herald.

ADA BELLE AND THE CHICKENS.

"You old hens, you old chickens, roosters! I wish you would fly away to the mountains and never come back!"

The speckled hen replied first. What she said sounded like, "Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!"

Another hen, the yellow one, walked close to the wire netting to say things, and after that all the hens and the roosters and the little chickens flapped their wings and told Ada Belle things she didn't care to hear.

"Keep still, will you? You make me feel cross as a bear." the child went on. "If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have to go over to Mrs. Brown's every day after their old leftovers for you to eat. I can't walk through our garden without looking first across Mrs. Benson's garden to see if the Browns are in their garden. If those Browns see me no matter when it is, they always call; 'Ada Belle,, Ada Belle! Here's a pail of chicken food ready for you. Better come and get it now!' Chicken food, dear me!"

Just at this minute Jimmy Brown saw his little neighbor. "Oh, there you are" he exclaimed, in the happiest tones. From the sound of his voice one would think Jimmy was bubbling over with joy just because he had discovered Ada Belle by looking over his garden fence. "Mother told me," continued the boy, "that I must find you, even if I went to your front door and rang the bell. Come over here; you're wanted."

"I'm wanted, am I? Well, I won't go"

Ada Belle said this with a pout. Then she hid behind the henhouse and listened. She expected to hear Jimmy Brown come whistling into the garden with a pan of chicken food. His mother often sent him with it when Ada Belle managed to keep out of the way or pretend to forget.

It was warm behind the henhouse—particularly warm, because it was July in Southern California. After Ada Belle had waited half an hour in the sun, she decided it might be safe to cross the garden and swing in the hammock under the pepper tree.

Sometimes it seemed as if all the little girl did was to dodge chicken food. Why she hated to go after it was more than she knew. Mother said that keeping of hens in California was so expensive she was glad to have a neighbor willing to save watermelon rinds, potato parings, and all sorts of things hens appreciated. She was ashamed of Ada Belle. "To think I have a little daughter who is a shirk!" said mother. "Do you know, Ada Belle," she often suggested. "that some lazy folks work harder trying to avoid work than they would if they did their tasks; Oh, much harder?"

While Ada Belle was sitting in the hammock the Baily twins went by, talking and laughing in the merriest fashion. "Where have you been?" called Ada Belle.

"Over to Mrs. Brown's," answered the blue-eyed twin. "Didn't she 'vite you?"

"'Vit me to what?" asked Ada Belle, sitting straight up in the hammock.

"Why, there was a man, I guess he was a poetry man or something. He was her uncle, anyway, and he came from Los Angeles, where he's staying this week; and he brought her a five-pound box of chocolates, and he likes children better'n anything. So Mrs. Brown 'vited us all to a kind of s'prise party, 'cause everybody was s'prised, and the man told the best stories you ever heard and sang the funniest songs, and we had the finest time. Too bad you didn't get 'vited!" and on down the street went the twins, leaving Ada Belle feeling sad.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she wailed. "I thought it was chicken feed! I could have gone after it and given it to the hens in three minutes. Oh, dear, Why didn't I know it was a party?"

Ada Belle remembered that mother said wise folks always did their work first thing. She was sure George Washington would have gone to the neighbors every day if it had been his duty. Mother was usually right. "I wish I had gone over when Jimmy called me," said Ada Belle; and then she cried until her eyes were red.

Half an hour later, when the little girl was moping around the garden feeling as if everything had gone wrong, mother called her. "Come here, Ada Belle," said she. "Let me change your dress and comb your hair. Jimmie just came with a box of chocolates for you and an invitation to dinner. He said to tell you his uncle wishes to hear you recite 'The Raggedy Man,' and if you come over you are sure to have a jolly time."

When Ada Belle was ready to go, mother kissed her. "If you would only learn to behave as well as you look," said she, "mother would take such comfort in her dear little girl.'

"Do you mean chicken food?" demanded Ada Belle. "'Cause if you do, why, I've decided to go after it every morning forever and ever without being called or sent or talked to. Maybe some time I'll even learn to like the bothersome old chickens."—The Children's Visitor.

Be plucky, brother!
Think that never yet
Did new stars fail to rise when old have set,
Grip hard and leash success some way or other,
You will arrive. Cheer up!
Be plucky, brother!

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

PIGGY AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

Mrs. Chuck and Mrs. Duck were talking, and the subject of their conversation was Piggy, a new addition to the farmyard.

"He is a fat, greedy lump," said Mrs. Chuck, "He's generally here at feeding time."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Duck. "Come on, Mrs. Hen has got a nice fat worm, and we'll join her," she added.

Piggy, who had heard these anything but complimentary remarks, was hurt. He said to himself, "That is their opinion of me, is it? Well! Well! I can't put up with that." Having scowled a few times at Mrs. Duck and Mrs. Chuck he walked away looking very angry.

That night Mr. Reynard of the neighboring wood took it into his head to have a walk round the farmyard to see what he could find. He chased Mrs. Chuck and Mrs. Duck round the farmyard. Their terrified screams brought Piggy to the rescue.

"Hallo!' thought Reynard, "this fellow looks as if he were well worth the trouble of fighting for."

He immediately pounced on Piggy, and left Mrs Duck and Chuck to their fate. But Piggy was not so easy to tackle, and he defended himself well and drove Reynard back a little. Reynard was very angry and he bit Piggy's left hind leg very severely. At this moment Jess came in sight and put Reynard to flight.

"Thanks, Piggy, you saved our lives and you heard the pasty things we said about you. We'll let you come at feeding time always. Please forgive us?" said Mrs. Duck and Mrs. Chuck, in chorus.

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